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# THE JOURNAL.

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## THIRTEENTH RUNNING OF THE GREAT SUBURBAN.



ions, is rapidly sinking to the level of the red-headed gambler, who is leaning eagerly over the track rail.

"They're off!"

There is a moment of silence, one tiny, fleeting moment, then a rumbling murmur runs like lightning through the throng. It grows louder and louder. The horses, all in a bunch, are flying down the track, now past the stand.

"Clifford leads!"

"No, it's The Commoner!"

"No! No! No! It's Hornpipe!"

"Where's Henry of Navarre?"

"He's lost! He's lost!"

They've turned the first curve in the track and the spectators, like one being, have sprung to their feet. Now Milady with her millions, and the red-headed gambler are brother and sister. With head outstretched, with flushed cheeks and trembling limbs, they are waving their arms and shouting, for one for The Commoner, the other for Henry of Navarre. All the throng is shouting and trembling, hot with excitement, and the difference between the fine people in the boxes and the common people on the field below is wiped away. Henry of Navarre has taken the lead.

"He'll win easily!" cried an enthusiastic woman, waving her fan.

Easily? Every fibre of his frame was quivering under the mighty strain. Easily? The veins were standing out upon his glossy skin like ridges of steel. His sides were heaving violently, each muscle was tense, his hoofs were pounding the ground as if they would carry him clear of the earth. It was a furious race, a desperate struggle, and Henry of Navarre was fighting for every inch he gained.

that something was amiss, and so it came that Clifford went to the post at 5 to 4 on, while 2 to 1 was offered against the son of Knight of Ellerslie.

On the afternoon of Brooklyn Handicap

### SUBURBAN WINNERS.

- 1884—General Monroe, 124, War Eagle, 102; Jack of Hearts, 114; time, 2:11 3/4; 20 starters.
- 1885—Pontiac, 105; Richmond (imp.), 110; Ratusplan, 116; time, 2:09 1/4; 15 starters.
- 1886—Troubadour, 115; Richmond (imp.), 110; Savanac, 100; time, 2:12 1/4; 20 starters.
- 1887—Eurus, 102; Oriflamme, 104; Wickham, 114; time, 2:12; 20 starters.
- 1888—Elkwood, 115; Terra Cotta, 120; Firenze, 117; time, 2:07 1/2; 17 starters.
- 1889—Raceland, 120; Terra Cotta, 124; Gorgo, 110; time, 2:09 4/5; 9 starters.
- 1890—Salvator, 127; Cassius, 107; Tenney, 129; time, 2:08 4/5; 9 starters.
- 1891—Liontaka, 110; Major Domo, 107; Cassius, 115; time, 2:07; 10 starters.
- 1892—Montana, 115; Major Domo, 115; Lamplighter, 104; time, 2:07 2/5; 11 starters.
- 1893—Lowlander, 105; Terrorist, 85; Lamplighter, 129; time, 2:08 3/5; 8 starters.
- 1894—Ramapo, 120; Banquet, 110; Sport, 114; time, 2:06 1/5; 12 starters.
- 1895—Lazarone, 115; Sir Walter, 126; Song and Dance, 95; time, 2:07 4/5; 6 starters.
- 1896—Henry of Navarre, 123; The Commoner, 113; Clifford, 126; time, 2:07; 7 starters.

day, June 4, Mr. Belmont called Dr. William Sheppard, the well-known veterinary surgeon, into consultation on the horse. Henry of Navarre had been scratched last

affecting the suspensory ligament. There is, of course, local heat, and pericentitis has set up, which made the task of keeping the horse going one of extreme difficulty. Few men would have been equal to the emergency, but the constant diligence of John Hyland and Dr. Sheppard saved the day. Not all was done with the horse that would have been had the circumstances been altogether favorable, and Hyland undoubtedly meant what he said when he told Mr. Belmont after the race that the horse was better than he had been thought.

It was a gala Suburban—one that will live in the memories of all who saw it so long as interest in terrestrial affairs stays with them. Not a condition was wanting to make the event a success, except for the tremendous percentage of the crowd who backed the favorite that chance made, not public form. Never was a race run so afford a more telling spectacular effect. From the drop of the flag until the chestnut muzzle of the winner flashed past the winning post the contest was fast and furious. There was no flag, no pause, and through it all the generous horse bore the brunt of the conflict, and, despite the disadvantage he was laboring under, fought his way to a glorious victory. With 129 pounds up—the greatest weight that has ever been carried to victory in the race—he stood off the challenges of those behind him, and throwing down the gauntlet to the pacemaker soon had him beaten.

The preliminary canter of the Suburban candidates were watched with unusual interest, principally because Henry of Navarre had been so little seen in public this year, and The Commoner had been showing such good form in the West. Hornpipe was the first horse to appear on the course. He looked lighter than the last time out, but mighty beefy at that for a bruising race. Though he was beaten, he showed that he was up to his best form and in keeping him high. Had it happened to rain, and so produced such a good effect, this horse would have taken a lot of beating.

After Hornpipe came Nanki-Pooh, unpretentious in appearance, but evidently

## HENRY OF NAVARRE'S TRIUMPH.

With the Highest Weight Yet Carried to Victory, the Belmont Stable's Champion Won Sheephead's Classic Handicap.

THE Suburban Handicap race was won yesterday by Henry of Navarre. There were seven horses in the race, seven magnificent animals, whose every nerve and muscle was attuned to its highest pitch. They flew over the course like a cloud of arrows shot from seven mighty bows. With necks outstretched, with nostrils dilated, with the blood rushing tumultuously through their veins until they stiffened under the strain, these seven horses struggled for the honor and the glory of the Suburban. And Henry of Navarre won! All hail to Henry of Navarre!

The Suburban has been run and won. Henry of Navarre is calmly nibbling oats in his stable. The other six horses have already been forgotten and the earth is still spinning upon its axis through airy

space. Now, therefore, as the chronicle is of an event that was but yesterday morning the all-absorbing question of the future, and is to-day among the myriad incidents of the past, attend to the story of the Suburban!

The sky was gray, the field was green, the track was brown, milady's cheeks were pink, her dress was blue and yellow and white and red and lavender and black and mauve and purple, the water beyond the trees stretched out into a silvery haze, the jockeys wore gold and vermilion and orange and cherry and white—was it a wonder that the sun had hidden his head?

It was a scene of incomparable brilliancy, and as you contemplated it and felt the spirit of it creeping into your veins, all the world seemed full of brightness. The sweet

air sweeping from the ocean, the wide expanse of field, the hum of the happy crowd, the flashing colors, the faces of beautiful women, the subdued excitement—all these blending into a harmonious whole—set your blood a-tinging, made your nerves thrill with happiness—surely, life was worth living!

Vanity! All is vanity!

A blind beggar stood at the gates. For each jockey that tasted the delights of victory, six others felt the pangs of defeat and despair. Men lost all their money, a woman on the stand was stricken ill—but there! The Suburban is not for the moribund!

A bugle's notes ring out in a merry flourish, and the trees send back the echoes, and as you contemplated it and felt the spirit of it creeping into your veins, all the world seemed full of brightness. The sweet

contestants for the race of the day have appeared. One after another they pranced by the judges' stand, their riders, in multi-colored raiment, preserving an expression of forced indifference, the spectators leaning forward, murmuring their approbation of their favorite steeds.

From the tier of the boxes, where the rich people sit, bright-eyed women in costly dresses, and well-groomed men, whose wealth has raised them above the gambler's interest in the sport, arise outcries of unfeigned admiration. From the field, where there are no women, and where the crowd is more earnest and fiercer looking, come shouts of approval. The race has not yet begun, the excitement is only forming, the difference of breeding and custom between the two classes of people is well-defined and apparent to every observer.

The horses are at the post, rearing and turning in fretful caracoles, nervous, restive, eager to be off. The sun, as if curious to see the race, peeps through a rift in the clouds and sends shafts of gold athwart each horse's flank. The flag trembles in the starter's hands. The excitement has reached that point where it must soon overflow. Milady 80 and 80, who married twenty mil-

Now the judges' stand was ahead; a few more strides would finish the race! If those three horses that struggled in front could only tell the story of the last full-long!

Another effort, the final, supreme effort—a terrific rush.

"Henry of Navarre!" rises from ten thousand throats.

All hail to Henry of Navarre!

**'T WAS A GLORIOUS FEAT.**

Henry of Navarre Had Been Amis and Continual Care Alone Kept Him Going.

Of the thousands who saw Henry of Navarre earn his gallant victory in yesterday's Suburban, probably not two dozen knew what patience and skill had been exercised to bring the gallant chestnut to the post. Mysterious whispers were in the air. The byers and backers hearkened to them, as the odds offered showed, but they were indefinite, impalpable, intangible. One said that Koenan had beaten his stable mate in his work at no advantage in the weights; the other that Henry of Navarre had been coughing; all agreed

the Brooklyn Handicap solely on the score of lack of condition, but John J. Hyland, his trainer, had begun to suspect that something was ailing with his near fore leg, in which some heat was perceptible. The surgeon's inspection justified the fear, for it was found that a splint was in process of formation. Whether Henry of Navarre should be kept in training for the Suburban was the immediate question, and it was eventually determined to keep him going, exercising the most diligent care, and, if necessary, to throw him out of training directly after the race.

This was undoubtedly the origin of the shadowy reasons which unwary backers allowed to shroud their knowledge of the horse's natural ability. This was why, as Mr. E. B. Morgan, of the State Racing Commission, stepped up to Hyland to congratulate him in the paddock after the race, the trainer of the Belmont Stable replied: "Thank you, sir, but I did not expect to win it, though I did expect to win the one before it [the Double Event]." And this was why Hyland advised Mr. Belmont not to encourage his friends to back the champion of his stable.

The splint that thus shadowed the best Suburban that was ever run with a splint and splints, some comparatively innocuous, others so serious that an immediate cessation of work is necessary. This particular splint is serious, although it has not so far caused the horse to back home, near the knee, on the outside, and so far back—most important point of all—that there has been imminent danger of it

trained to the hour, and he in turn was followed by a lordly chestnut whom many took for Henry of Navarre. It was The Commoner, and as his bay indulged him merely in a steady hand canter around the outside of the course his perfect condition and manners elicited much praise. Not a horse in the race looked better, and it was not first instead of second. Then came Clifford, unbeatable when not fully extended, but with all the polish that J. V. Rogers succeeded so well in putting on his horses.

As The Commoner came loping up the stretch, with action that would be perfection for a park hack, another chestnut was breezed past him. This was Henry of Navarre, far nearer concert pitch than when he was seen out at Morris Park, but still heavier in muscle than when his former owner, Byron McClelland, used to handle him. On both forelegs he wore bandages, and these were kept on for the race, the one on the near leg concealing the splint. His ankles looked a trifle puffy, but there was nothing visible to the eye to prevent a man going off and back in him for a year's income.

Sir Walter cantered as usual in his blue and gold-edged clothing—"Little" Sir Walter, for whom every racegoer has a kind word and look—but few cared to back him at the weights. The horse had made his trip from Morris Park in excellent shape, but the "sharps" were right. His weight anchored him, and he was never able to make a bid after 80. He had once failed to get him to the front in the early part. Belmont, honest